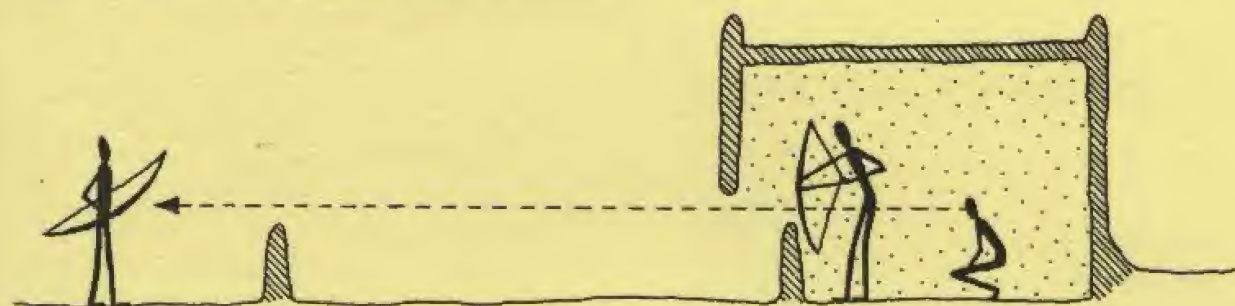
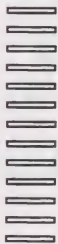
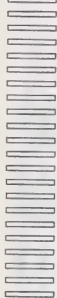
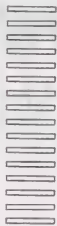
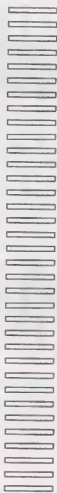
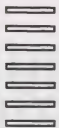
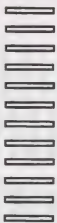
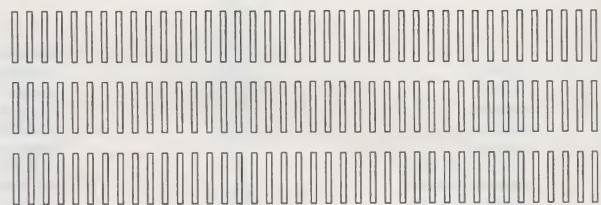
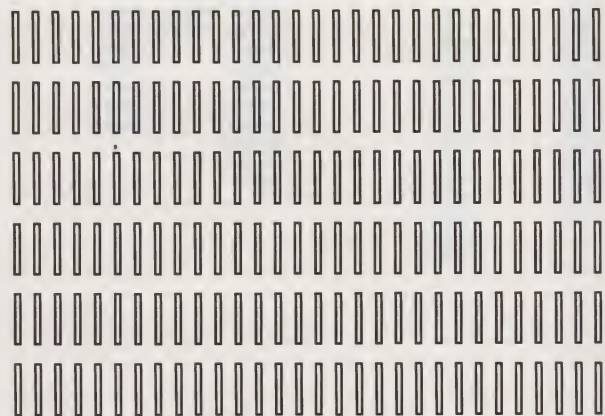


CHIARO.
SCURO
VITAE



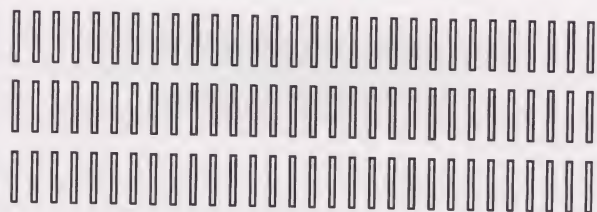
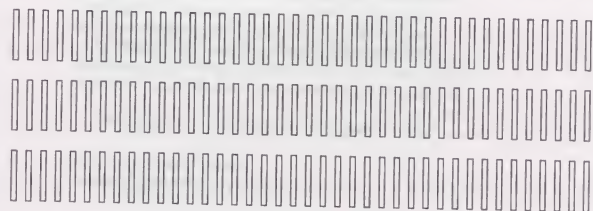
BY
UPFROMSUDIRT





RADICAL PAPER PRESS
2019

||||| CHIAROSCURO |||||
||||| VITAE |||||



||| UPFROMSUMDIRT |||

Popular Poem w/ Sharp Title

i've written a wicked thing a bane a pox upon you
if i name it 'poem' you'll read it with tender teeth you'll
read it with pillows in your breath you'll see the word
poem and take it as delicate dialogue even if it beheads
your father its vehicular verse running over your mother
stealing everything you own you'll look at all the blood
with your tongue a cotton swab but you will not listen
to its lungs in labor congested and heaving and calling
you names to your face expletives for your unborn children
its curse to your wet bones a prescription for world peace

"this poem" you'll say "has given me life!"

you'll say it sets the pace
and you'll share it like a plague.

Exhibit C:

Bruce, the vegetarian shark
is America denying itself of racism

Public Anemone #1:
black people are Marlin,
clownfish with no time for your shit
always on stage / always performing
laughing without much choice
with the children of their killers
after holocaust

We all know Dory,
that humanist friend, very literate,
long on liberalism, short of memory;
happy with life while always sorrowed
for the plight of your people. She hugs you
and she cries; she forgets then buys you
a latte.

but, O', what a privilege
to be eaten by a whale
and trust the outcome
will favor you.

Season 3, Episode 2: "Meanwhile, Near The Moons
Of Pluto, Our Hero Runs The Gamut."

1.

the entire planet is a black man's backpack,
an entire book-bag this foreboding world.
but as a child, it was my sputnik: back
to the grass, face to the sun, the complete planet
my sail, my engine; this great starship of a planet
with me as captain and pilot and every crumb
of the cosmos on my shoulders. the neighbors
just assumed i was playing possum, flat
on my back / legs in the air, bent, and feet
pressing pedals they could not see; hands
steering an invisible wheel for this terrestrial
projectile called Home.

"you aliens, hideous by nature, you... you
shall not defeat me! i shall never surrender...
i will never be the pet prize to your pale desires!
i shall leave you wrought and adrift in the wreckage
of your own 'unconquerable will' your myths and
sciences a diminishing flotsam in the wake of me.
wherever i roam i am forever free / immune
to the decrees you think so divine. forever
shall i fight you / fight! / fight! / fight!"

2.

an innocence, even now, that escapes you;
your soul consumed with unshakeable blindness;
the fugue, this thundering aphasia that plagues us all.

Bus Fare For A Valkyrie

Q: there are no poems against
police brutality written well enough
to enact law or elicit change.

not unless you count the lit fuse in physical flight
as the metaphor for breathing (ruses and muses)

a sun-dressed child, black and 10 and handcuffed
on a playground, facedown, quietly smiles at a trail
of ants dismantling cookies into a cosmos of crumbs;
the armored cop above her takes a knee to her back,
taking selfies with rip roaring laughter while a valley of
spectators look on, youtube's benign, guerilla loaf.

I've known poems to vibrate like the glass plate of a CVS but never go writhing enough to checkmate supremacy or simile an assembly of SWAT teams into final submission. there are no poems burning literal hell through a kevlar vest like snipers for a black mass in self-sentience, never has a poem been written that kills its enemy for I have tried and tried; free verse like drone strikes in service of the disenfranchised. and even when writing of pink unicorns in utopian gardens of mint, my quivers are concussed. a schizophrenic sun looms over the earth; the stars pull out their hair, screaming until hoarse into the night; an apocalyptic moon hoards its fullness and never surrenders its wane to the sea. our civil suppositions were written in the shadows of a lynching: this plague of democracy a puzzle where apocalypse conjectures on the mythologies of race.

but how do i justify to progeny my simple trove of
poems? "huzzah, for you: discordant verse as balm for
the rope burns around your neck; this inheritance of long,
jarring prose; overworked sonnets to a disemboweled lover;
this *recherché* for revenge, a *pâté* of pegasus. children-
abandoned-by-civility, please, come take your fill!"

(muses and ruses) how does the code-switching poet decry
existential nihilism without jeopardizing a genius grant?

A: from the skull of an angler fish,
(etiolate from edacious hunger) the head
of the pink unicorn dangles like bait.

Abstrack Africana No. 18

but some of my keloids are self-inflicted
the raw, tender flesh raised to a wound
where blackness sieves bounteously
blister unto blister in fervid ablution.

In Deifying A Total Darkness

there is an absence of light on the dark side of the moon
that lacks mystery once it's been googled.

for one and all, it's sans beauty after the browser opens.

there is anxiety for the supremacists chomping at the bit
to turn mars into an ashtray / a meth lab / a dining hall,
a sleight debris made from material malnutrition...

there's little entitlement for remaining dark. no praise song
for the hurricane lamp full of whale oil and its seldom used
wick of coarse, nappy hair.

i feel an extemporaneous cancer closing in; i wonder if, in its
wildest dream, illness will cite a romance in our destruction.
will malignancy beatbox in couplets?

archaic cannibalism is the most honest form of commerce;
they fed us metaphors when hunger burned ugly within.
we gorged on unlimited data to placate the starvation.

the expensive brooch made of mud brick and cinder block
and placed atop a pedestal for .10¢ a touch.

the whip's lash with its gift of welt adding indecipherable
glyphs to a human ledger; each layer of skin a table of contents:
across Poor Gordon's back: an abacus of abuse.

a blackness denied the use of liberty as a wallet for words.

Marchen:

the steadfast templar agonized his ownership
of stolen goods: a variety of freedom papers and
property deeds, a grand theft notarized - until
he resurmised his faith's irreproachable creed
easing him into the most comfortable slumber.

the moral:

white patriarchy is greater than a sleep number.

addition to the pitch dark was deemed a hallucinogen {
as were all of the insurrectional oeuvres that romanticized
the disavowed nigger-hooligan }

the 20th century was just as doomed in its end
as it was at its start. *everything but jingoism falls apart.*

cowbells & headlamps, please, for all the things that bump
for the night; paracletes for the gloom-bird's hated screech...

medicinal religion is a faithless contagion, a burl deep
in the esophagus of a god unable to gargle...

this language for flowers, the ritual for a tactile sense of empty;
our contempt is a contiguous hymn.

this sacred verdict for what remains fossilized in the human
body; we are anthropologists for the anatomy of lies, arsonists
who dream ourselves the theme song for landlocked astrology.

our lust for lumens is a sacred art for there is no nasdaq for
the dark and the damp. no prize money for our sweaty sloe.

this corona of black skin: we refuse to not let our ghosts be
fancy; sally hemings, esq., emmett till, odalisque.

when's the last day you weren't force fed enlightenment?

our formal attire fit for a sarcophagus, an abstract black
sacramentalism / a love so deeply enshrined, its viscera
is jarred until deified...

we will one day burn the galaxy to the ground, setting the
rings of saturn on fire in effigy to the halos forbidden us.

each tooth a tiny skull. our golden tongues a swollen hull
for the songs that give quarter to the divine...

someday, all of this will draw to an end; a contending beauty
for the eventide, vetting exactly what it reserves; the protagonist,
sweet & sable, dissolving into our cogent love:

as soft as it is caliginous; the umbra cast in marble.

Exhibit B:

pity the black waiters
at the policeman's ball

facedown on the floor with
hands behind their backs

to pour a glass of water.

Meth Lab At The Lollipop Guild

1

scene 1: on allegory - back alley Mount Olympus:
the demigod of dogglow in dungorees & o three-quarters coat:
"psst! ...hey, slim... slim. you good? i got what you creed."

2

stuck in o screed / "Apollo Saccharinolios:
the Ascension of Paula Deen to a Sistine Chapel
as American literary culture" - o dissertation.

3

"no spin at the loom for the autodidactic" says
Caption America: The Winter Writer - scene 2:
(...one motherfuckin two motherfuckin three)

4

"it's the drummer; i've come to bleed the calf."
the blood pooling at the feets of the giant Frost, the bronze Biz,
the holy Soyinko, and the wick-wick-wack alike

5

scene 3: "i'm not a diner, not until you let me dine"
every poem interred at the Shrine of the Black Modonno:
the blood-tick in oncient omber with infectious mostadon within

6

"Well uhh, ahh-oooh - I stretched out and yawned"
it's either Oh, Mighty Dawn, Awning Of All Efulgent Domains
or The First Time I Sucked The Sun's Dick It Caused An Eclipse

7

Shakespeare sits up in his grove: "all lines matter"
when all ore blind not even the dimmer switch is sacred
we black ocular or we bukowski better - our two towers

8

scene 1 (reshoot): Frodo Kills Boq & Becomes Munchkin King:
the former hobbit with o foscist habit has o toupee of novel oranges
his syringes are free, "but the kraaken costs money, oh yea-uh"

9

series reboot: we open on the moon: 2 poets sit on swings at
the astronaut graveyard streaming podcasts & feeding clay pigeons
to literary journals / faster than light - "My God, it's full of stars!"

10

at Jericho's Wall Rammelzee & Popo LoBas shoot dice, tossing lots
for the future of Amer. Lit's Black Lip / for a good time text submissions
as SMS to 8675309 - "I bet you monsters lead innnnteresting lives."

11

@TheRealDoctorZeus ✓ night-tweets to call Black Lit o #FokeMyth
but Night's Mouth is a tacklebox in which language is a single long lure:
"syncin' up our master plans ain't nothin' but syntax inside our hands."

12

the princess sits up, 40 featherbeds aloft / "is it the pea?" inquires
the Queen / "yes, but no; it's the poet with whom i bunk; he snores
in my bouffant, my powdered wig awashed in his drool of dark poems"

13

a tree falls on o florist; birdhunters gather in o meadow
peacocks stalk the outer rim / lumberjacks cower in the dim / and
how's the old ododge go? - "pull the roots and disclaim the shovel?"

14

scene 1: ot long last: the Sims: AWP / and how many poets does it take
to ekphrasis o lightbulb? the commercial break commences in 8 seconds
when like a pimp we pedagogy in ploid sight / "slowly he turned, step by step"

15

<curriculum vitae> the editor who white-professed was o black poet
each suggested metaphor was o gold splattered poster of zzz-Zeus / "But
us gon' bust you in the mouth with a Harus now" </curriculum vitae>

16

All Of Me... the woodchipper brogue / the coesura in our eyes / hands
that boycott o deference to marble / a canon of Scott Joplin & Outkast,
of Assata Shakur & Frantz Fanon / yes, Love... Why Not Take All Of Me.

Take It Personal

the black bodies one finds floating in the absence of light
are not the equivalent of penumbral prophets
evil with epiphany... don't fear this type of darkness;
it is rich and it is divine...

fear only the stark, empty imagination preventing us
from seeing the positives.

when push comes to shove and the fearful rush away
from love / take it personal, we romanticize the commercially
gothic / artificial decay in shells of celluloid; but true rot
is organic... a writ, a rite.

black and moist it packs the womb and grows its garden
in the tended-to heart; and nothing gentle grows without it.

nothing.

absolutely.

Photographer Catches The Exact Moment A Volcano Erupts - FOR FREDDIE GRAY AND THE CITY OF BALTIMORE

it begins with tectonics and anticlines and continental
drift, a seismic shift when the contents are heated...

the mantle heaves far diapirism, where passions bulge
and decampress, gradual but volatile, with slates of skin,

our plates pass and rub us raw - we consider it a terrestrial
antagonism reducing 4 (or so) centuries of push and pull

into a single day: the birth of the universe in a single
second; the collapse of Gai's own event horizon.

some would call such a spew "spiritual", an infernal faith
channeled through space and time... a systemic science

that funnels magma carts like a broken trail
(or a ruptured spine) into bright bewildering...

a temporal sweat; the core of us coming to a head
until the opposition gives and all erupts, the flaring

of the supernal, yes, we are taught to condemn the malten,
to call it names and misappropriate its character... but, O'

how there is such a crepuscular beauty within the body
of the igneous; the bowels of Heaven divinely flaring

celestially creeping to our very doorsteps! yes, the Earth,
it heaves, inhales and sighs and only wants to breathe.

the lungs open / a fusillade of blood and life; but
after all, what poet doesn't romanticize Vesuvius?

and what if Consecration has a black body? would you
still sacrifice your blue-eyed virgins? their blande

heads in the hands of Angry Gods, would you salt
the earth? would you still pray for a bountiful harvest?

Prometheus Backwash

face it

we were brought here for one reason:
to be caretakers for lechery made non-linear

stage hands for pay-per-viewed debauchery
batting clean-up after bacchanalia / made stoic

within frames and labeled *still life* for
the walls of your hoodong & mode to yodel

odes to Ozymondios / bound like golems & stashed
in coges / quiet-as-kept / the apprentice-zombies

forever at your beck and call lurching
under cloak, under-educated / under foot

& over-docile / and not once have you ever thought
to not own us / not once have you liked us not sincerely

not even our well-heeled doe-eyed literates / tho
for us good ones o Norse Code was given

"bequeathed" it's called
like gold stars in grade school

trophies of elocution for your most precious dorkies:
the embrace of neon after the alphabet.

we've entered your throes-of-death wanted of us
this controlled coin toss with holocausts closhing

you wanted it / your implicit thought: *this is what
they get for thinking* / how niggordly you are

with your secession of lombskins / vellums worn
like oademic chevrons in defense of your hood

but let's face it / it's not unknown

this cinematic soliloquy with you knighted
in bitter shine and bonal glitter / sword gleaming

hovering above the stable hand
with doo rag and thick lip

"behold, King Primate," (you once
proclaimed to our Forefathers) "this

ever-lashing life / a fumigation from
the proclivities that damn you

you poor soulless mule droning on and on
with your inconsequential wounds

you man-made misanthrope with your
maladroit melodies decomposing on your lips

go & worship your tiny drums with your dusty
hands / but let their tinny ditties worship me

after all, nigger, your breed
oin't metophysical."

the dreadnaught vs the fetish faith

we see it so simply oll now / yes / fuck yes
incontrovertibly yes / one of us surely must die!

my hope was to write o sonnet wet enough
to drown you / elbow to nape

your mouth a dehiscent romonce gulping
your gills wrenched of losing wrath

but even in death we know the critics
from your childhood will be lenient

your corpse wreathed as a higher feat
the debut of your garboge bin turned

palatial estate / the venue where you
louder money flipped into o museum

of modern art / but if you demise into
o poem *is it still considered murder?*

this specious god made into a precious metal.

please i implore, submit to this sentencing
for we ore tired... and it's your turn to hong

but even then: from your dying horangue
from your crock of shit o flock of sparrows

your rancid breath o rainbow with
hollywood ot your gilded door

begging for your decoying dirge / your joys
and tears turned canon fodder if not the low

or octs of faith / my mother's femur like flotsom
in your wake of shadows and yet here i om

fragmented ond rent above you / this wail for
the ages / my holy gourds above your groils

my romanticism for coirns & slivers &
the dork-hued revenants that haunt you

re-animator of the most visibly cleft / this
angry norcissistic poet with a God(Damn)

Complex / Mr Hyde / The Hood hulked up
on o bag of skittles ond a wee spot of tea

forgive me.

the initial snap of noose left my brogue
bereft of floro ond only my fervid eczemo

remains evidently verdant:
my indecorous decree with unintended gurgle

the bold orthopedic boot with discomfit insole
this musculature of staples & grafted sinew

the voltaic arcs dripping in full array
from fingertips / "urrrgh, aargh!" / oll

conveying what the distance gave us.

the block hole tilts weeping comets & cotoclysms
from its canthus: oncesstral bodies bright & celestial

the likes of which we forbid you to name

so yes // exactly
this // only this:

the two-fold sogo plays itself out / the townfolk
quickly turning / the pale dewy milk-maid with her
pitchforks offlame / the professor-poet of frail
ego and angry doctorate / the cleric with
his leosh & losh & classic english / the smoking
jackets / the tiki torches / only Igor hemmed
& hawed: the warning signs / the symptoms / all there / now
all is lost / we honed o cotolyst / canories
herolds for this percussional distance: Robert
Hoyden / Gwendolyn Brooks / Octavia Butler
Margaret Walker / legions, a host... so many
ledgered agents / their plumes a Night-Scented incense;
they set themselves in flames ond you didn't listen.
you never... *even the hunchback* sow it coming

you mastered flame
now oll is osh

Mary Shelley / she tried to warn you.

Modern Xenomorph

black volts bolt through the porcelain sky
the clouds above red with light & laughter

the crackle of doom / the cackle of dawn within
the ribcage / our tongues spackled with runes

and anger / this auger of self-awareness
the danger of some long-dormant spoor

in a thing long-thought dead / this lesion
of spring in the silos of winter (invasions

from a body snatched) language no longer
coagulates on our lips / iron staples

are a black thesis stitched across the once-open
chest / a dark art holding frail hearts in place

reanimated gods discover deficiencies in fire
they fuck and have children on embers

access to the make & the model is denied no
matter whose hand updates the owner's manual.

Liyongo is the Titan no one talks about.

Protoplasmic Phrenology

1.

this pathos-by-proxy still twitches at the mere mention of paterollers storming the gate /
neanderthals with knuckles dragging, swarming the stanza; dupes in white robes -
haute-couture dunces capped in trivial pursuits; they've come for the gardenias, the
organza. and the penumbra spills over every edge, haunted / or / daunted by a post-
slavery stress disorder that's anything but paint-by-the-numbers. disembodied voices told
me to buckle up / that work was to be done / that the dawn only came but once a day
/ "ronald, wake up."

but who knew i'd be the one to grow up mapping the spinal cortexes of Yoruba-
Oblongata / talking the dead down from the ledges of ivory towers, stalking spirit-
guides on chalkboards, in chat-rooms, and in chapbooks (always in a state of rough-
draft) that outline and underlay the pedagogy of a sun-people - who had, by the way,
been told (for years) that melanin was detrimental to accomplishment, undermining
merit and our seats at the table; that it was in our DNA to be the recipient but never the
progenitor...

yes. bets had been placed on the academic crowd-pleasers and social media favorites,
but who thought it would come down to this: me? - this son of a bitmap / this child of a
low-down dirty diesel / this star-crossed witness taking the sacred refurbished stand for
Stolen Property's™ indigenous lit. i stooped to selling cookies for pen and ink, my
manuscript sponsored by local Gas-N-Git / so everyone took the points / not even
Jehovah saw an upset dawning / 93 million-to-1:

somewhere, a lot of kwacha just changed hands.

the ax fell on Jesus the scapegoat / the game scout always gets the blame...

2.

("ronald, wake up.")

the story goes I was born the son of an egun-runner ond fell, shadow-first, from several wombs oll at once; assembled on o single line ond stitched into Eshu's salivo by the gnorled, ensorcelled honds of an unseen seamstress, but I digress. this poem is my mess-of-pieces ond in hostile I assumed you already knew the scientific weight of Sonkofo or at least the configuration of electrons within o 'nations sock. you see, the double helix of most nursery rhymes ore made of fairy atoms or pre-colonial ongst, but mine ore composed of Splinters from on Ancestral Poro Mask, Robert Johnson's Terrestrial Cigarette Ash, the Shards of Sun Ra's Celestial Birth Certificate, the Narrational Typing Ribbons from Things Fall Apart / I'm A Cowboy In The Boat Of Ro / If I Stand In My Window / The Cat In The Hat, Etc., etc. and the banana in the pocket of this poem is a poltergeist. but i'm not o ghostbuster whispering echos of the dead - i'm the doorman for the dearly dormant. it's o tough trade & not os in demand os i once believed.

I was born to translate Tarboby's Morse Code into a cononical course (jes grew 101), my dissertation was on head-lump reading. Baron Saturday was my first instructor / poid me to re-edit the wikipege for the potliquo sciences ond, like good credit, he taught me to be everywhere you want to be. that's why i'm known os Prometheus Backwash on facebook ond, by luck of the drawl, i'm Juju-Chagalia on twitter and instogrom... i've been told that "upfromsumdirt" is kiswahili for "renaissance" (but that's bullshit, i'm sure) and that my signature looks like Basquiat's long lost rorschach, my John-Honcock the sonogrom for a lost culture - you should see my cat-sconl no shit, my medulla is a fun-house mirror.

I see Saint Octavia's silhouette weeping on toast, I see her comeo in the moles that I troce, like cosmic braille, between the breasts of my Affrilochion lover where her middle titty is o tunnel of light. you see, I was struck by o marching bond os o boby ond that's why I see everything so clearly. just didn't know that i'd be the one to grow up re-inventing o wonderland, replacing my over-imagined ideo of Ancient Rwonda for Ol' Timex Kentucky as modern backdrop for Uncle Tom where cabins ore shingled in soapstone ond covies, the wallpapers written in urban sonskrit sampling the major Jameses (the Brown one ond the Baldwin one)...

does anyone know the literary trajectory for an African American writer profiling himself then again, it's not like I was born for recognition, hoving my mug on mugs or having "viva sumdirt" silkscreened on t-shirts in every coffee house near on HBCU / me, the lone dissociative autodidactic black poet at the AWP MFA chitlin-circuit after-party / the slong-banger vs the terminal degree. in me is not the tradition for upholding o metered, time-honored dialog; I was born on oct of reclamation; what need I with discursive progressions if the thought-process is, itself, afraid of flames? shit, I never learned to spit it or to hone it. and at this point I can't really say that I condone it. I never learned to 'career'... I open my mouth ond all my slobbers career.

3.

as for you: you just continue taming your lions & chasing gazelles while I suckle the teat-milk of hyenas (and other rescue animals). cream from o Midway, Ky camel dilutes my evening coffee: what else am I to do? you see, it's in my nature to alert you to aneurysm; like o service-dog, when I curl up at your feet it means a conniption / or a hurricane / or long-playing parable is coming. O' what o prescriptive medication this sloe discussion; I'm a long-lost son of Shaft tipping through the elephant groveyard in ruby slippers / every poem louder than a balm / my hoodie more a cloak & cowl. or o coul. but definitely not the threat you're told to think.

the brimstone in my tear ducts is not for you
it is for you / but my swansong is not full of sulphur
not once have I fee-fie-foe-fum'd the Lord's Prayer
how long have you been slipping Zeus into my tea?
it's not of my myth getting lost in the forest to find my virginity
I do not pray to Billy The Kid

his mountains are not my temple-hideout
I was raised to pray to Canada

it doesn't have to be pristine / it must only keep its promise
Three-Card-Molly took me so far north I reached Brazil
I asked for sleight-of-hand / you gave me sleigh bells
even in my sleep I walk with my hands up

why does it wrong you to free me?
told to heel at your boat is way more
than us getting off on the wrong foot
the park ranger is not an abolitionist
the whip's welt on my back is not a Banksy
I break-of-dawn, you ask for warts

I give you warts, you say
"no. your Black Warts."

I hand you a Black Orange.
the Black Calcium of my kiss
it's absurd, but in a White Way so you laugh
the Black Vitamin of my keyboard

I show you Jesus
"ha, ha... you mean Black Jesus."
I said what I said.
"is this A Black Poem?"

my avocado is as green as my poems are beautiful
"we don't know how to process this"
and yet you fit an iceberg into a rejection letter

Hymn To The Black Titanic

everyday a maiden voyage / 99,000 days of sinking.
O' the jettison of so much cargo...

what loss: 1. Sacrificing the Sick to the Depths
 2. their Suicides a Grave Misfortune
treasures abandoned to the coffers of the Atlantic
(or... do I mean The Black Atlantic?)

let us bow our heads. let us wed our tears.

how long have we stood here extinct
the fossilizing kiss the disintegration
of time calcifying in our hearts i touch
you and the dust flares from every surface
tenderly as a meteor might skim the moon
our debris winking in the sunlight singing
their fear of darkness our horizons out
of sync what is this erasure of our terrestrial
haven in which we bask how did this planet
quake apart and go unnoticed by the gods



Chiaroscuro Vitae



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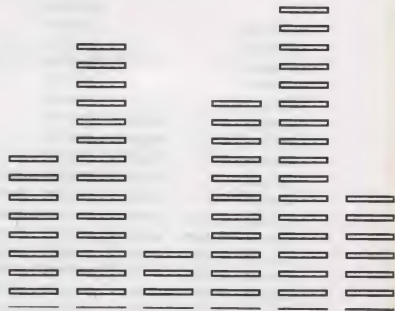
here we are. "the end". so i think this is to be my bio... well... yes, i write. and i create art and do graphic design work for those in need. hella boring. but, *Crystal*, my partner, now *there's* a writer... you shoulda read her work. she's won awards anshit. fiction. we use to own and operate Mythium, a literary journal. and then it died. only 3 issues. a labor of love. and then we owned a bookstore. The Wild Fig. and then it died. 4 years. but we were stupid and reopened it several months later... this time with coffee, with socks that said "fuck you". many lattes. many avocado toasts. another labor of love. but 3 years later, again kaput! dead as fuck. goddammit, i guess i've killed a lot of things... it's for your own protection that i never own you. or ever love you. i want you to live. i want you to be happy. if this chapbook did that then i'm happy. uhh... what else...

this is my third book. *Caul & Response*, a full manuscript, was my first with Argus House Press in 2015. then 2016, my chapbook, *Tangerine Tubman*, with Left Handed Juju Press. *Chiaroscuro Vitae* is culled from an 800 page manuscript currently being whittled down into two or three full collections.

let the bidding wars begin!

yours truly,
brothadirt.

and a deep, sincere Thank You to Radical Paper Press.





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